

Mind On My Money

YoungBloodz

[Chorus - Sean Paul]

I got my mind on my money, my money on my mind
(Got my mind on my money, and my money on my mind)

I got my mind on my money, money on my mind
(Got my mind on my money, and my money on my mind)

I got my mind on my money, my money on my mind
(Got my mind on my money, and my money on my mind)

I got my mind on my money, my money on my mind
(Got my mind on my money, and my money on my mind)[Verse 1 - Sean Paul]

I got my mind on my money, my money on my mind

The thing I got I sell it, to get it all the time

A nickle or a dime, a half or a pound

Long as my bitch ridin', I'll put a nigga down

I'm a playa from the jump, a hustler from the start

Something in your chest, then open up your heart

I'm bouta bet it, like Memphis 10, they get it get it

Gotta have it have it, take it all, man if they let me

Ima run it, put somethin' on it, instead of bet it

It's that money, don't make no money, buddy I'm ready

Can I get it? It's win or lose, you know the rules

We rollin', we didn't hit it, now pay your dues[J-Bo]

Now when it comes to gettin' that cash flow

I'm all about that paper, no credit, just straight dough

And for all who don't know, there's money out to be made

So get it while you can, and still it's just a phase

In the eyes of a hustler nigga, you'd be amazed

That time waits for no one, so God, I pray

Try hard not to fall through life stuck unemployed

So instead I keep on livin' what's given within my void

Put a end after hours scrapin' up all my change

From quarters to dimes, as you see, this ain't no game

So pick up on your pimpin', get on it and never slip

'cause all on my mind is my money fully gripped (fully gripped)[Chorus][Verse 2 - Sean Paul]

Just call me, the money maker, bread taker

Nigga Breaker, the pocket raper, money scraper

May do me a favor, stay the fuck up out my way-a

The rock that I can take it buddy to collect my paper

That might save ya, think of no anger, no player hater

No bumpin' heads, when it come to gettin' this paper

I'm a player, runnin' wit the, hand that was dealt
Flippin' my work, ridin' the left, fully equipped
ain't fuckin' wit hoes, unless talkin 'bout bread
Duckin' these streets, givin' these strangers some head
Bringin' it back, makin' sho', my pockets swole
Workin' the streets, now they know they my hoes[J-Bo]
I must ain't had it, I gotta get it
Nothin' to lose, shoot me a quarter, and watch me flip it
Shakin' these haters down the line, they somethin' wicked
You on a roll then pay yo' dues, then buy a ticket
Gather your cheddar 'round this world, there's nothin' better
But keep it boomin' like a system, through any weather
Stackin' my green, that's somethin good, I'm on a mission
Trappin' hard just like I should, no penny pinchin'
And for the gold, we steady missin', and reminisin'
Buy some S, ain't even hittin', so stop yo' flippin'
'cause when I pull in all my cheese you besta know
There ain't no playin' wit my thang when you see my foe
Act like ya know[Chorus - x2]

Songwriters

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